

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXVII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908.

NUMBER 32

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.
The dark Redan, in silent soot,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.
There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."
They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.
They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory name;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."
Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.
Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.
Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.
And once again the fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellying of the mortars!
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For the singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."
Sleep, soldiers; still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
—Bayard Taylor.

JUST LIKE A MAN.

"I wonder, James," said Mrs. Meek, doubtfully to her husband one morning, "if you could get your own dinner to-night? You see, I've had to let the servant go on a holiday for a day or two, and they want me desperately at the Woman's Aid and Relief bazaar this evening. It is the last day. If you thought you could manage by yourself—"
"I'll try to survive it," observed Mr. Meek, good-naturedly. "I don't fancy it will prove fatal."
"I'll get a joint and cook it this morning then," went on Mrs. Meek, cheerfully, "and you can have it cold for dinner."
"Thank you!" replied Mr. Meek. "You'll do nothing of the kind. I fancy I haven't gone camping out with the volunteers every year for nothing. I suspect I can prepare a hot dinner as well as most women."
Thus it came about that Mrs. Meek abandoned all idea of preparing Mr. Meek's dinner for him and betook herself to the bazaar. So it resulted, furthermore, that Mr. Meek left his office about four o'clock that afternoon and proceeded to collect on his way home the necessary supplies for a dainty little dinner.
An alluring display of geese was the first thing to catch his eye, and he was just on the point of securing one of them, when, by good luck, or more probably through the natural sagacity of the man, he recollected that, as a rule, you don't cook geese just as they are. In the momentary reaction that followed this feat of memory he bought a couple of mutton chops and three tomatoes.
"I'll have a good, old-fashioned English dinner," he thought. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, a moment later. "I'll have some oyster soup to begin with, and apple pudding to finish."
He was so tickled with this idea that he promptly rushed into a green grocer's and purchased half a peck of their best eating apples, and then hurried home, pausing to order some oysters on the way.
By five o'clock he had the fire going beautifully. By six he was just beginning to enjoy the thing. The tomatoes were stewed divinely; the potatoes were boiled to their heart's content, and the milk for the oyster soup was simmering contentedly on the back of the stove. The oysters had not yet arrived.
"Dear me!" thought the ambitious gentleman. "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I'd have some oyster patties for a sort of grand finale. Hallo, what's this? By thunder, if that woman hasn't left me some cold ham and a custard pie! For Jove! for twopence I'd throw the whole lot out into the back yard."
At half-past six he put the chops in to broil, as in the good old days of yore—in this poetic allusion to the style of cooking being occasioned by one of them accidentally drop-

ping in to the fire, whence he rescued it with great presence of mind by the joint assistance of the poker and one of the best table napkins.
By the time the chop was thus rescued, both it and the table napkins were fairly well done—to put it mildly. This difficulty he got over by putting the erring chop on the window sill to cool, and the napkin into the fire—to do the other thing.
This accomplished, and with one chop gently cooking on the gridiron and the other cooling on the window sill, he started to construct the paste for his apple pudding. This proved most fascinating. He placed a large quantity of flour in a small bowl, emptied a jug of water on top of it, and proceeded to mold it deftly into shape, as he had often seen his wife do. The flour and water promptly forsook the bowl and he took themselves to his hands. Then the milk for the soup began to burn just as the potatoes boiled dry. He rushed to the rescue, and left the greater portion of paste fairly evenly divided between the handles of the two saucepans and the poker. At this juncture the tomatoes started to see if they couldn't surpass the milk in burning. They succeeded. The cat, which was accustomed to a 6.30 dinner, walked off with the chop on the window sill, while the chop on the fire grew beautifully black on the "down side." So many things were now burning at the same time that Mr. Meek gave up hope of trying to discover just which one was burning most.
"Let the blessed things burn till they're sick of it!" was the extremely broadminded way in which he summed up the situation. With the astuteness that characterized him as distinguished from his fellow men, he gave up all effort to track the truant paste, and simply popped his apples into the oven to bake.
It was now about half-past seven; and the fire was getting hotter than anything else on earth, except, perhaps, Mr. Meek. He turned all the dampers, opened all the doors and took off all the lids. This resulted most satisfactorily. The fire began to cool. It got, if anything, a little low. Then it went out. Mr. Meek rushed for some "fire lighters," and nearly took his head off on a clothesline.
The gentlest of natures when aroused are often the most terrible. He used up enough fire-lighter and paraffine to have ignited the Pyramids of Egypt. He stamped and shoved, and poked and banged, and shook with rage till even the cat—and it had had its dinner—was displeased with him, and departed to the outer kitchen to try the oysters, which the dilatory fishmonger had just deposited on the table without waiting to parley with Mr. Meek.
When, about five minutes later, Mr. Meek discovered that the cat had had found the oysters to its taste, he became even less calm. Had the cat been near it is highly probable that a considerable majority of its nine lives would have come to an abrupt termination.
After this stage, to console the unfortunate man, the fire began to go again. In about five minutes the chop that the cat hadn't eaten was especially well done. It could be quite safely left on the window with a whole legion of starving cats around it. Mr. Meek, however, simply left it in the coal scuttle.
Then there came over Mr. Meek's face a terrible expression. He brought in a pail and poured the soup carefully into it; next he scrapped the potatoes in the same pail; then he poured the tomatoes on top of the potatoes. It cannot be definitely stated whether or not Mr. Meek in doing this was actuated by the desire to prepare some famous camping dish, relished in the dear old volunteering days; but certain it is, no sooner did he get the tomatoes nicely on top of the potatoes than he took the whole thing and tossed it into the back yard dustbin. This accomplished, he proceeded to make a meal off the cold ham and some bread and butter—the cooking butter, of course.
Just as he was finishing Mrs. Meek returned.
"Hello, dear!" cried Mr. Meek calmly. "I've been terribly busy. Detained at the office; only just got home. This is very good ham—a shade overdone, though, isn't it?"
"Perhaps a shade less wouldn't

have hurt it. Let me get you a piece of pie."
"No, thank you! No cold pie for me when there's hot apples in the oven. You might get them if you're not too tired."
Mrs. Meek departed on her errand. In a moment she reappeared, and, without moving a muscle, placed the plate and baked apples before her lord and master. They were about the size of walnuts and the color of ebony.
Mr. Meek rose with an awful look in his eye.
"If I ever catch that cat," remarked Mr. Meek, as that feline purred past him, with a playful frisk of tail, "I'll break every bone in his body."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ANECDOTAL.

A well-known yacht owner sail one night recently as he ate some very rich and fragrant turtle soup. This soup reminds me of something that happened to my old friend Capt. Jeremiah Gotschalk of the brig Scud.
"Capt. Gotschalk and his first mate were doing London. On a fine summer morning they walked in the Row and saw the fashionable horsebacking; they strolled in Piccadilly, where all the great clubs are; they looked over the guns and the men's things in Bond Street; and lastly, they got hungry.
"For lunch they entered a smart-looking restaurant. A maid in a white cap took their order. The things in the little restaurant were rather cheaper than they had expected. Still, that was all the better, providing the quality was good.
"In a few minutes the maid put two plates of thin, transparent fluid with a somewhat salty taste before Captain Gotschalk and his mate.
"The mate tasted it and coughed.
"Put a name to this, Cap'n, will ye?" said he.
"Capt. Gotschalk tried a spoonful, and then beckoned the waitress to him.
"What might ye call this here, my lass?" says he, lifting up a spoonful and letting it fall back into the plate.
"Soup, sir," says the waitress.
"Soup," cried Capt. Gotschalk.
"Yes, ignorance," the waitress answered, flushing up.
"The captain turned to the mate.
"Soup!" he said. "Soup! By Jove, just think of that. Here's you and me been sailin' on soup all our lives, and never knowed it till now."
One of the wittiest men that ever sat in the United States House of Representatives was the Honorable John Allen, of Mississippi, better known perhaps by his self-imposed title of "Private" Allen. Mr. Allen affects an extravagant faith in the future of his town, Tupelo, and is ever ready to enlighten the stranger as to its wonderful resources and advantages, as compared with any town in the south.
A New York politician was one day "joshing" Mr. Allen, with reference to Tupelo, when he chanced to ask:
"Say, Allen, how large is Tupelo, anyway?"
"Tupelo," replied Private Allen, "is about the size of New York City. The only difference is that Tupelo is not entirely built up. But that's a mere technicality."
When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the Capitol a young Congressman from Tennessee whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor.
"I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."
"Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean.
Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered: "My Little Nell."
"Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you."
"I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story," the Old Curiosity Shop, sir," retorted Dickens, flushing.
"Oh!" said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?"

An American on a visit to London took bus to the city every morning, where he had business to do with an Anglo-American firm. He always sat behind the driver. On the first journey he noticed that on arriving at a certain corner the driver took out his big silver watch, dangled it to and fro a few times, and winked jovially at an individual who stood at the door of a shop.
"Why do you do that," the American asked.
"Well," said the driver, taking his pipe from his mouth, "that's a little joke we 'as between us, bein' as we are old friends. You see, his father was 'anged."
Douglas Jerrold's genius for repartee is perhaps best shown in his most famous reply to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit, and one day plaintively remarked:
"After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat."
"Yes," came the answer, "but not with the same skulls."
Although woman has not yet won her fight for equal suffrage, her influence in the politics of a club exclusively for men has lately been demonstrated. A contest for the office of president in a New York club was decided by a letter written by a woman. There were two candidates for the place; one a clerk in a New York financial institution, whose young wife had been a working girl, the other a wealthy manufacturer, with a reputation among his neighbors for "closeness."
The day before the election each member of the little club received a typewritten letter, signed by a woman whom all knew, which began with these words:
"If what I write you is not true, it is libel."
Then she said the club should not honor its "meanest man," and related some amusing incidents to demonstrate that she was not mistaken in her estimate of the man.
In closing she wrote: "What do you think of a man who has his barn painted and says to his wife: 'That's your birthday present.' If you can afford to elect that kind of a man for your president, go ahead!" The alleged "meanest man" was defeated.
Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese Ambassador, said modestly at a dinner in Newport: "I am aware that the honors heaped upon me are due to my exalted office, not to my humble self. It is my office, it is not I, that gains and merits your consideration." Yet this is a mortifying truth of a kind that all of us—ambassadors or no—are apt to forget. May such a truth never be recalled to our memory with the harsh shock that came to a Rhode Island farmer who won a blue ribbon at a Woonsocket stock show with a fat hog—a 1250-pound hog.
"Get my name right," he said, excitedly, to the reporters, with their pencils and yellow paper, who crowded round him at awarding time. "Get my name right, boys. It's Hiram Y. Doolittle, son of the late General Augustus Anderson Doolittle, of St. Joseph, who settled in Rhode Island in the year—"
"Oh, never mind all that," the oldest reporter interrupted. "Give us the pedigree of the hog."
There is a son of Erin in a Eastern town, who is quite a character. He has a number of children and was asked one day how long he had been married.
"Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty, and Norah thirty-five, that makes seventy-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"
Once Sir Henry Irving while playing "Macbeth" in London was somewhat disconcerted by one of the "gallery gods." He had reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board.
"Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed Irving in his most tragic tones and with a convulsive shudder sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face.
Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's all right now, Enery, e's gone!"

The head of an English firm recently called to his office one of the travellers.
"I want to ask you," he said "about your expenses account. Please don't think I am making a complaint; I am only mystified and curious. Here are several bills for luncheon on railway dining cars. They are quite plain in all except one item. I see: Luncheon 2s 6d, whisky 6d, minerals 6d, coffee 3d, and then—and this is what puzzles me—empty baby 3d. Every time you take luncheon on a railway train you appear to have an 'empty baby' for two pence. You must have quite a large family of them by this time."
The traveller laughed as he gave his very simple explanation. It has become the fashion for whisky firms to sell tiny bottles of spirits containing sufficient for what is called "a stiff glass." These little bottles are called "baby bottles." The traveller, as he explained, took only "half a baby" with his lunch and carried the other half away for subsequent refreshment, but every time he did this the dining car attendant charged twopence on the bottle—hence the rather puzzling item on the bill. It was only because "the baby" was half empty that he paid for it.
Dr. Macnamara, M.P., has the Irishman's quick turn of the tongue, which at times stands him in good stead politically. At a recent election meeting he was tackled by a woman, who inquired: "Are you in favor of repealing the blasphemy laws?"
"Madam," replied the doctor, "I'm a golfer!"
"Would you give every woman a vote?" asked another.
"Every woman should have either a vote or a voter," said Dr. Macnamara, "Which do you prefer?"
The doctor of a Scottish village is a bit of a wag, and is very fond of bantering encounters with certain local "characters," contests in which the doctor often comes off second best. The other day when going the round of his patients, he chanced to pass a nook near the churchyard where old Jamie, the stonecutter, was busy at work among a number of gravestones.
"Ah, Jamie," said the doctor, after interchanging a word or two about the state of the weather (during which he noticed that one or two of Jamie's stones were apparently finished, so far as modelling was concerned, but having nothing in the way of inscription, except the heading ("In memory of"); "I suppose you finish your gravestones as far as that heading, 'In memory,' and then wait for some one to die before you go on?"
"Weel, I dae that whiles," replied the stonecutter, "but sometimes gin a body's aillin' and you happen to be attendin' on them there's nae occasion to wait—I jist gang right on."
Effie, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday. She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father.
"Papa," she began, seriously, "does God tell you what to write?"
"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.
"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Effie.
William Huggins was angry, and he certainly appeared to have some justification for wrath.
"Liza," he expostulated, "don't I always tell you I won't 've the kids bringin' in the coals from the shed in my best 'at? It ain't nice, Liza!"
His wife replied coldly: "Just listen to reason, if you please, Bill. You have spoilt the shape of that hat with your funny head, and as you're working coal all day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal dust in your hat matter."
"You don't see the point, Liza," said William, with dignity. "I only wear that 'at in the hevenin's, an' if while I'm hont, I takes it hont my head, it leaves a black band round my forrid. Wot's the consequence? Why, I gits accused o' washin' my face with my 'at on. And it ain't nice, Liza."

Newspaper Valuations.

The sale of *The Baltimore News* to Frank A. Munsey for \$1,500,000 calls attention to the high values now placed on newspaper properties in the United States. It was not so very long ago that *The New York Herald* was considered the only daily worth a million dollars. Now there are at least two dozen newspapers that are held at or above that figure.
The New York Herald could not be bought at any price, but if it were for sale it is doubtful if Mr. Bennett would part with his property for any less than \$10,000,000, as it is earning more than 10 per cent on that capitalization, and it is regarded generally as the most valuable of all newspaper properties in America. *The New York World* is a close second.
Besides these there are in New York City at least six others worth from two to eight millions each. Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Boston and Washington are the homes of newspapers that will fetch from one to five million dollars.
The greatest asset any newspaper can have is that intangible and yet exceedingly valuable thing known as good will. Nothing is harder to get or easier lost. Some publishers have spent millions of dollars trying to gain it, but have failed utterly. Others have won it practically without the expenditure of a single dollar. The successful newspapers of today were not born yesterday. They were established—the most of them—many years ago and have attained their present position by patient, persevering and intelligent hard work. Good will is based on public confidence, and confidence comes only after trial.
Hence no newspaper can expect, under ordinary circumstances, to have the loyal support of its public as soon as it is launched. It must be tested in the crucible of experience; it must prove its right to exist. Promises count for nothing; it is the faithful performance that inspires confidence and wins support.
The newspaper that touches the goal line is the one that is honestly conducted in interests of the community it serves. It stands for political as well as moral righteousness. It protects its public from fraud, graft and evil, whenever it has the opportunity to do so. It wears no collar, is no man's organ, and doesn't flinch when danger threatens. It does its level best to help the people to think right, to do right and to get the best there is out of life. It supports good men for office and opposes the unworthy even though they be nominees of its own party.
A newspaper of this kind after awhile wins the confidence and esteem of the public. People believe in it and take it to their hearts. It comes to them every morning or evening as a friend laden with good things. They feel that the news it brings is reliable and that its editorial opinions are honest even though they do not always agree with them.
Out of this intimate relationship comes good will, that most important of all newspaper assets which often represents nine-tenths of its value.—*The Editor and Publisher.*

Snakes Vermin Destroyers.

Following an agreement made early last spring, melon growers in the southern Illinois watermelon belt stopped killing non-poisonous snakes, and this year the wisdom of the agreement is shown. Heretofore melon planters have had their fields devastated in a single night by mice, which burrowed into the hills, eating the planted seed. It was decided to keep the mice in check by not killing snakes. This year few mice are seen.—*Indianapolis News.*

First Tramp—After all, it pays to be perlie, pardner.
Second Tramp—Not always. The other day I was actin' deaf and dumb when a man gave me sixpence. I says "Thank you, sir," and he had me arrested.—*Ty-Bits.*

UNIVERSITY 300 YEARS OLD.

The rector of the University of Oviedo in Spain has notified the educational world of the fact that the three hundredth anniversary of the opening of that university is to take place in September, under the auspices of King Alfonso and the Prince of the Asturias, and he invites those interested to attend the ceremonies, which will occupy ten days, from the 20th to the 30th. The university authorities especially desire that Spanish-Americans should visit Oviedo on that occasion, "not only because of their community of blood and language, but also because the sons of the Asturians have left such deep impressions on their lives and deeds in the Spanish countries of the new world."
A new club has been formed at the state university of Iowa which is made up of students at the university from foreign lands, and this club is known as the Cosmopolitan Club. It is formed in order that its members may become better acquainted with other countries than their own. The bulk of the membership in this club is made up of students from Mexico, Japan, and the Philippines.

THE REVOLVING DOOR.

The report that the Parisian police have prohibited the use of revolving doors in crowded public buildings will come with a sense of ineffable joy to thousands who, without being fat old gentlemen, or timid old ladies, or paralytics, or cripples, or gravel blind, or under the habitual influence of liquor, have never learned to look upon the whirling sections of wood and glass except as an abomination and a refined instrument of torture. When one has overcome the initial fear of being crushed against the edge of the circular pit, and projecting himself into one of the Dantesque compartments, he is no longer master of his body or soul. If behind you comes a puffy gentleman of middle age, you are at once reduced to a doddering, shuffling pace, compared to which the lockstep is a march of Botticellian graces. On the other hand, if the partition behind you receives the sudden impact of a shrill whistling messenger boy whose nature, deliberate at other times, impels him to hurl himself at the first revolving door he sees, you have your hat knocked over your eyes and your heels from under you. That is with some doors. Other doors do not move unless you apply your shoulder and push. Such, we are absolutely convinced, are secretly connected with electric storage batteries, whose owners draw light, heat and power from the labor of the passing stranger.—*New York Post.*

Shooting Stars.

Shooting Stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real Stars, as those of the Dipper, are very, very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great, and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars, but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air without being wholly burned up and falls on the ground.—*St. Nicholas.*

An Apple Cure.

A curious investigation that is being made in England just now is to discover how far apples are of use in overcoming a taste for liquor. The question is asked of medical men in all parts of the country. The large majority declared that they never had known a case of a person accustomed to the free use of apples who was a drunkard; and, inversely, those who were fond of alcohol rarely liked apples.
Australia is 26 times larger than the British Isles.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THIS week we are obliged to chronicle two deaths upon the railroad track. One is that of a fine, scholarly old gentleman, who had reached the age of fourscore years. The other victim is a young man, who was alert, athletic, intelligent, with the prospect of a life of usefulness and honor. In both cases, the victims were crossing the railroad tracks—not walking along them.

One peculiar phase of the Chidester fatality was the assumption of the Coroner and the State's Attorney that an inquest was not necessary, "as the law did not require it, and it was an accident." Only the earnest protest of Mr. Charles D. Seaton brought about the inquest, as he insisted and maintained that deafness was not wholly to blame for the fatal accident.

From the written description, of the scene of the accident, it is clear that either the railroad company or the city is to blame. The company should not operate in such a death trap, and the dangerous conditions should not be tolerated by the city authorities. To an unprejudiced mind, it looks like culpable negligence on the part of both.

Whether or not a suit for damages would be successful, is something for the local legal talent to decide. In any case, the advanced age and the deafness of the victim of the accident would militate against any but a nominal sum being awarded, and it is likely the expense of such a suit would render it unadvisable.

The railroad companies are usually successful in placing the blame upon the individual who is injured or killed, if that individual be proven to have been totally or even partially deaf.

We believe that even railroad accident insurance policies carry a prohibitive clause that nullifies the policy if the holder be deaf.

However, each case must be threshed out on its own merits, and although it would seem that the death of Mr. Chidester was caused by disregard of ordinary railroad precautions, such as lack of lights on the locomotive that was backing up and the brakeman being in the wrong place, still deafness would probably be successfully urged as contributory negligence.

The deaf should ever be watchful in crossing either trolley tracks or railroad. The ears give no warning, therefore the eyes should be doubly watchful. An instant's heedlessness may prove fatal, as indeed it has so often in the years that have passed.

MARRIED.—In St. Louis, Mo., July 26th, 1908, Mr. Claude J. Russell and Miss Ethel C. Crunk, the Rev. J. H. Cloud officiating. Mr. Russell was educated at the Georgia School. The bride is a graduate of the Illinois School at Jacksonville.

ROMNEY, W. VA.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

AT THE DEPOT AT ROMNEY, MR. H. CHIDESTER MEETS SUDDEN DEATH.

A horrible accident occurred here at the South Branch Railway Depot on Saturday evening last, just after dark, when Mr. H. Chidester, an aged citizen, was almost instantly killed by the engine backing over him on the crossing of the upper leg of the "Y."

Mr. Chidester, who was a well-known deaf-mute and for many years a teacher in the School for the Deaf, had taken a carriage to the depot to meet some relatives from Virginia and Baltimore. Among them was a niece with whom he had been raised but whom he had not seen for forty-two years. The parties came in on the evening train, which was a little late and did not arrive until about dark, it being a cloudy evening, dark coming on a little earlier than usual. He put the parties in the carriage, after greeting them and while they insisted on his riding up he decided to walk. They drove on and he started behind. Just as he stepped onto the crossing of the upper leg of the "Y" the engine came backward over the crossing, making the turn, so it could go out to Cumberland that night, and the tender striking him, he was ground beneath the wheels, both legs being cut off. Death ensued almost instantly. The remains were removed to Racey's undertaking establishment where they were prepared for burial and later removed to his home.

Mr. Chidester was nearly eighty years old, but was active for his age. He was a kind father, a good neighbor and a most excellent man in every particular, and his tragic death was a great shock, not only to his family, but to the entire community.

He leaves a widow, three daughters, Mrs. Wills, of Baltimore, Misses Susie and Juliette, teachers in the School for the Deaf, and a son, Holdridge, who is married and lives in Pittsburg.

Funeral services were held at the home of the deceased Monday morning, conducted by Rev. G. A. Gibbons. Interment in Indian Mound Cemetery.

A Coroner's Jury was empaneled by Justice Maloney on Sunday, and after viewing the remains was adjourned over until Monday at 2 P.M., when an investigation of the circumstances connected with the death of Mr. Chidester began.

The jury found that "Holdridge Chidester came to his death on Saturday evening, July 25, 1908, by being accidentally struck and run over by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company's engine and tender in the company's yard at Romney, at or near the point where the country road to Romney crosses said company's track on the south leg of the Y, and that at the time, the said engine was in charge of E. B. Robertson, engineer, Kline, fireman and Henry Boher, brakeman."

The verdict further stated that, in the opinion of the jury "this accident might possibly have been avoided had there been lights and members of the train crew on the approaching tender; but the evidence before us is not sufficient to justify as holding said crew or any of them, or the company, criminally responsible for the death of said Chidester."—Romney, W. Va., Review, July 29, 1908.

The above accident occurred at a spot that is virtually termed a death-trap both for the hearing and deaf. It is a wonder that no accident had ever happened there before for nearly twenty years. No doubt, people take extra care in crossing the tracks at that point. This case is one of the few railroad accidents, as will be seen from the verdict of the corner's jury and the evidence which follows, for which deafness is not wholly to blame and for which the railroad company should be morally held responsible. It received as careful and thorough an investigation as was possible under the circumstances.

The "Y" is peculiarly located and situated owing to the natural surroundings of the territory in which the station and railroad yards are located. It is in a low spot shaped like a nest, almost surrounded by hills of various heights. Turning the engine on the "Y," the engineer's side is usually on the outside of the yards, and the fireman's on the inside. There is no other way for people and teams to go from town to the station and vice versa, without crossing the tracks near one of the switches. Only a few feet from the crossing on the right as one goes towards the station is a deep cut in a bank of earth into which the whole engine and tender must run before they turn on the inside leg; and on the right is a pretty sharp curve with a gradually elevated bank on the other side.

As the engine and tender back up, the engineer can see the people and teams coming towards the station and should be able to explain accidents happening on his side of the tracks. When within about twenty-five feet from the board-

walk, he cannot see people coming from the station on the other side.

E. L. Chapin left Romney several days before the first of August for a visit to relatives and friends in Washington, D. C., and Virginia, before school opens on the 9th of September.

Miss Emma Bartlett and her mother, of Mannington, W. Va., contemplate a trip to Washington, D. C., and Atlantic City this week. They will stop off in Romney on their way home from the east week after next.

It is reported that Thomas Gain and Delia Maynard were married in June. They reside at West Union, W. Va., where Mr. Gain has a good position in a glass factory.

W. B. Wayman will spend two months—August and September—at Berkeley Springs.

Miss Maud Seaton, a hearing sister of C. D. S., will spend August camping on the shore of Lake El Dorado, near Colorado Springs, on the famous Moffet road which is being built from Denver to Salt Lake City.

Miss—Davis is visiting Miss Frances Ferguson. Both are teachers in the oral department of the Arkansas School. The latter has a sister, Lucile, who teaches in the blind department of the Florida School. Their mother, Mrs. L. W. Ferguson, teaches in the school for the deaf in this city. Miss Frances Guthrie, who teaches with Miss Lucile Ferguson, claims this city as her home. So you see that Romney has a number of teachers from other schools, spending their vacation in this city.

The "Y" is the only one that we know of which has a crossing for both people and teams. We would be glad to know if there are any others similar to this one. At this dangerous point people have to step on the tongues of the switch. There is danger of having their feet caught in them if they should make a mis-step in hurrying across the tracks to dodge the engine. The train men are often in a hurry to finish their work for the night and then go home. The engine and tender are in the cut before half of the people have left the yards and crossed the tracks. We earnestly believe that the victim had not expected the engine to come around so soon. Taking the above dangers in consideration, this dangerous and condemned crossing should come under the rules and regulations governing crossings in large cities, which require a flagman. The best remedy seems, in the writer's opinion, that the engine should be required to stop a few yards from the crossing, and wait until the brakeman flags it.

ROMNEY ITEMS.

John E. Wayman, a prominent Attorney of Chicago, Ill., a former West Virginian and Republican candidate for State Attorney in Cook County, recently won great distinction by successfully prosecuting "Brain Brokers," in Chicago, and succeeded in having their license revoked in Illinois. Mr. Wayman is one of the most prominent attorneys in Chicago, and is a brother of Mrs. C. D. Seaton and Wm. Wayman, of this place.—Romney Review.

Prof. Laurens and family, of South Carolina, are spending the summer with his father-in-law, Judge Dailey, in this city. He attended the Utah Convention, also the one for the Blind at Indianapolis.

Miss Susan Chidester is the only one from the West Virginia School, who enjoys the distinction of having attended the Utah Convention. Her account of the meeting and trip makes the stay-at-homes wish that they had been in her place.

Mr. and Mrs. Boland spent the first two weeks of their vacation at Berkeley Springs, W. Va. From there they went to Washington, D. C., where they still are. They are stopping at the Burton Hotel near the capitol. One very hot Sunday—not knowing how hot it would be before they left—they took a car out to Cabin John Bridge to see a friend. They had to walk one mile and a half from the station in the fierce sun. Mrs. B. was nearly overcome by the heat and Mr. B.'s crash suit was as wet as a dish-rag by their return. Mr. B. swears that he will not venture out again without following the habits of the groundhog by means

of a thermometer and consulting Weather Observer H. C. Merrill.

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PITTSBURG.

James Osborne, the promising youth of twenty years, who was considered as among the best pupils at the Edgewood School of which he was a graduate, was buried at Wedford, Pa., eighteen miles from here, on July 22d. The young life so dear to his relatives and friends was also dear to God, who has taken him to Himself from Earth's sorrows and pains to his Home, where there is no more sufferings or death. This was on July 20th. It was known for several years that he was failing and the end was not unexpected. Two years ago he went to Colorado for his health, but this trip proved bad for him. He came back to his home last winter, and though stricken with illness, which caused several spells of hemorrhage, which turned in quick consumption, from which there was little hope of his recovery, he never complained or repined but bore his affliction with true Christian fortitude, leaving everything to Him who doeth all things well. The end was very easy. Funeral services were conducted in the evening at the bereaved family's home by Rev. Mr. Acheson with Miss Woodside as the interpreter, and the next morning his body was conveyed to Wedford, being accompanied by his relatives and friends. The pall-bearers were Messrs. H. McMaisters, M. Blair, H. Danvier and Wm. Shull.

C. M. Reed, of Cleveland, O., is now visiting his relatives and friends in this city during a few weeks' stay. He spoke well of Cleveland as his home in comparison with the "Smoky City."

Horace Button, the old Pittsburgher, stopped here for a short time. During his stay here he was talking about the F. S. D. Society, which seems to be of interest to some persons. He went back to Cincinnati, O., to report for work in the Printing Building last week.

Amidst the deafening noises of fireworks and amidst the enjoyments of going to picnics and resorts, which, seemingly, were the happiest moments of their life to the people on July 4th, George Korn is by far happier of all. The stork made a call on him, by leaving a twelve-pound baby in the house. Mother and boy are doing well at present. Congratulations from your friends be accepted.

In the beautiful grove at Rhodendros No. 1, Highland Park was the second annual picnic of the "20" Club members, who brought out in full force their families and "sweethearts" (2). The weatherman, Mr. Gray, was with us, and hence we were in the midst of the heavy rain storm. The big pavilion was so handy to shelter us to the disgust of the weather-man. J. C. Taylor took pictures of several groups and his results with the camera proved to be good.

Bountiful refreshments were laid out on the U-shaped table by the ladies. The hungry picnicers sat around the table on one outer side, thus enabling to talk across in any directions, and inside the table were the busy waiters, Elmer Havens and J. Friend, who looked after each person to be served with everything that was on the table, until hunger chased them to seek their own share and they ate very heartily. Some speeches were given, which closed the picnic, and the picnicers trotted home slowly in darkness, satisfied with the time they enjoyed, none the worse for the heavy rain-storm. Blame Mr. Gray for the storm? Mr. J. McIlvaine was present at the picnic.

A. C. Buxton, of Baltimore, Md., is seen in this locality, doing some business, and expects to stay here for about two weeks.

Mrs. R. P. McGregor, of Columbus, O., stopped off in this city for a while on her way home from Baltimore, where she spent several weeks with her many friends. Her relatives live in East End. She attended the Kennedywood Park picnic to-day.

Mrs. Wm. Friend's absence from this town to spend a few days at her Columbus, O., home, tempted her husband, William, to roam over all the country by taking trolley rides for many miles. However, the coming event of the "20" Club picnic drew Mrs. Friend in haste from Columbus to cook some things for the picnic. Good Mrs. Friend, but pity William who had to miss the trolley rides.

Many readers shall acclaim the news with delight to read that the Empire State Association passed a resolution at the recent convention to urge the severest penalties for the hearing imposters who masquerade as deaf and dumb beggars. In this city many cases had been reported that many persons were caught as impostors trying to get aid from the public, and as a rule they were chased out of the city by the police. Recently three men, claiming to be deaf and dumb sufferers, solicited aid from the public by calling at each house, having a letter of reference, etc., from a certain principal of the State Institution for the Deaf, asking the people to help the unfortunates. Upon complaint of a friend of the deaf, they were arrested and found that they were not deaf-mutes. Any punishment? Nay, they were ordered to leave the city, and they jumped into another place.

Will the P. S. A. D. follow the good example set by the Empire State Association, and do something at the Lancaster Convention this month?

A card from Miss E. Esherich was received by Mrs. G. Annis recently, which informed us that she is enjoying the best of health in the mountains of Wyoming on a cattle ranch. As she is nearer to Pittsburgh than she was, it makes her friends to look out for her appearance soon. We shall be glad to see her back among us again. She went to California to spend the winter months there.

Mr. J. A. McIlvaine came from Washington, Pa., to have a chat on business about the Home affairs at Doylestown, Pa. He was a guest at Mr. Allabough's home last Friday afternoon, and late in the night he took train for Philadelphia, and from there he starts for Maine, to spend a delightful time on the lakes.

Mrs. Ed. Roessler (nee I. D. Heim) and baby went to Greensburg, Pa., for a week's stay, and is the guest at Mr. J. Long there.

The Deaf Congregation of Fourth Avenue Baptist Church had their own picnic at Rock Point last week, and reported that they had a nice time.

W. F. Durian, who was given two weeks' vacation, joined with his family at Industry, Pa., and spent an easy time on the farm of David Smith. The family returned to their home in Hazelwood last week, and said that the farm life was a blessing to them.

The business meeting of the Pittsburgh Local Branch of the P. S. A. D. was held in Washington National Bank Building on July 11th. Little, business of importance was transacted at the small gathering. The JOURNAL readers will recall that the Branch, last March, instructed the officers to prepare a statement concerning the matter where hearing persons had been detected in the vicinity masquerading as deaf and dumb sufferers, and begging for assistance, and present it to the authorities of the city and the police generally, that they might be on the lookout for such impostors. This matter was reported by the officers, who acting upon their own judgment, declined to push the decision of the Branch to the end. The Branch decided to drop the matter. Hearing persons can now feel easier to masquerade as impostors without further trouble.

The Branch decided to have the annual picnic with the Field Day Events on Saturday, August 15th. Chairman Fritzges, of the committee, is going to have his hands full to make the picnic a success. The program of sports is long and varied, the leading event being a ball game between the "Married Men" and the "Bachelors," and also the tug of war between the "Fat Women" and the "Lean Women." Light refreshments will be served at nominal prices on the grounds. The scene of field events and the picnic will be on the grounds of the Edgewood School for the Deaf. Spread the news to all. Paste the date in your hat.

Kennedywood Park was the scene of the picnic under the auspices of St. Margaret Mission for the Deaf this afternoon. Chairman J. K. Forbes was kept busy busy looking after the comforts of every one. The Field Day's events and the game of ball were the chief attractions, which were given by the hearing organization—the National Union. We were delighted with

the games. Late in the afternoon, the groups were gathered at various tables, spreading out their "tempting delicacies" before the hungry persons. The big-hearted Durlan-Smith family had a table with numberless eatable things to feed a party of twenty-three. Don't say "Skiddo, 23." The picnic was quite a success, attended by many friends.

Frank Holliday, of Gallaudet College, who had been very ill with Typhoid fever for the last three weeks, is now out of danger, and his many friends are glad to know that he is now slowly recovering, although he is still ailed.

The City of Pittsburg must have some attractions for those visitors, whom we noticed were: Mr. J. C. Balis, of Canada, who spent a week in Wilkinsburg; Miss Lauer, of Rochester, who visits her uncle, and will start for home next Thursday; Mrs. Gilmore, of Warren, O.; Mr. Gilloy, of Bridgeport, O.

Mrs. G. M. Teegarden, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., has just returned from Wheeling, W. Va., where she spent almost a fortnight with her niece. While there she met quite a number of deaf people, who treated her royally. One day she had the pleasure of taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Frazier, who are happily situated at their "little farm" in Bellaire, O. Mrs. Teegarden also had the good fortune of attending service in the little church, which indeed the deaf of Wheeling may well be proud of. With such a man as Mr. Bremer, with his splendid sermons, at its head, and Mrs. Zane at his helper, the church is one that cannot help but flourish. On another occasion Mrs. Teegarden spent the evening with Miss Anderson. Miss Littleton, of Ohio, and Mrs. Bremer joined in a hen party, and a regular hen party it was. Mrs. McAdams also entertained Mrs. Teegarden, and it was indeed a pleasure to meet one who has been so faithful and devoted a friend as Mrs. McAdams has been to the deaf.

We had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. James C. Balis, of Canada, back to old Pennsy. While his visit was short, nevertheless his old friends were glad to find him the same old college boy, and not looking a year older.

K. M. R.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

DEAF-MUTES HAVE A FINE PICNIC.

The Rome Sentinel of August 3d, has the following:—

"Saturday was the red letter day of the year for many of the deaf people of this section of the State. It was the occasion of the annual picnic and reunion of the alumni of the Central New York Institution and their friends. It was about the most numerous patronized of any that has been held so far, which covers some twenty years. While held under the auspices of the Institution Alumni, it has become in fact the annual outing of the silent people of Central New York.

"There was a short program of contests pulled off in the open space in the central grove. The winners were as follows: Throwing the base ball, Mrs. Frank O. Lee, of Utica; boys' fifty yard dash, Robert Conley, of Jamesville; running back, ward twenty yards, by ladies, Miss Ruby Taplin, of Gloversville; run twenty yards, unlaced and take off shoes, replace, lace up and run back, for boys, Robert Conley. The most interesting feature of the games, as usual, was the tug-of-war. It had been the uniform custom for many years to pit the married against the single men in this contest and the married men had for several year past demonstrated the superiority of their backbone; but this time the "boys" declined to be made a sacrifice and incidentally to lose any "look in" at the cigars. So teams were made up to represent Taft and Bryan. The Taft team was composed of James Lynch, of Syracuse; W. L. Cox, of Manassville; and Edward Faas, Anthony Blair and Charles Gale, of Utica. The Bryan sextette was Ed. Murphy, of Syracuse; John Eberts, of Oswego; Robert Conley, of Jamesville; Thomas Kinsella, of Waterville; Frank Klock, of Central Square; and Henry La Londe, of Oswego. The teams were well-matched in weight and muscle, but after a stiff tug of about a minute, Bryan's champions hauled the wiggling Taftites over the mark.

"The athletic feature being over the crowd lined up in front of the town house, where a couple of photographs were taken by Arthur Ensworth. Dinner next occupied the time.

"A large number of the picnicers brought their children along and it was quite remarkable what a fine appearance they made, being a bright and comely lot of youngsters. Among some fifty of them present only two had inherited their parents' misfortune, which is said to be about the usual proportion; for it is very unusual for deaf parents to have deaf offspring. The little ones who were old enough to talk could all converse as fluently by speech, and there is reason to think that this double accomplishment serves as a stimulant to their

mental growth. At any rate it is observable that the children of deaf parents as a rule lead their grades and are noticeably precocious.

"The total attendance at this picnic probably exceeded that of any given thus far as well as in the number of visitors from distant points. There were one hundred fifteen of the deaf, and their children, and other relatives accompanying them swelled the number to over one hundred fifty. This is as large a number as is usually present at one of their State Conventions.

"Dennis Costello, of Rome was the manager of the affair and great credit is due him for the completeness of the arrangements and the smoothness with which the picnic passed off. He was ably assisted in his efforts by George L. Stewart, of Oneida, President of the Association, and Rev. Harry Van Allen, of Utica."

The deaf-mutes present noted by the JOURNAL representative were: From Rome; Principal E. P. Clarke and nine pupils, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Wright and son, Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Colling, Walter Hiltz, Miss Alice Winch, Miss Cora Starkings with father and brother, W. S. Adams, Dennis Costello, Mrs. Roger McGrath and son, Roger, Jr., Miss Broderick; from Utica, Rev. and Mrs. H. Van Allen and two children, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Lee, Edward Faas, Anthony Blair and Mr. Hirt; from Oneida, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Stewart and four children, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schubert and daughter, Lillian, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Brown, Emil Martin and Edward Herlan; from Syracuse, Mr. and Mrs. James Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Murphy and three children, Mrs. George May; from Ilion, Joseph Lever, James McGovern and wife; from Little Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Miller and two daughters, Miss Minnie Eysaman; Miss Bessie Crumb and brother, Arthur, from Brookfield; Fred Krentzer, of Herkimer; Wilson Head, of Madison; Miss Ella Stelzner, of Amsterdam; Frank Shawinsky, of Clinton; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Benjamin and child, Dolgeville; Mr. and Mrs. John Johanson, Johnstown; Michael Chapman and August Kowald, Auburn; Miss Ivaloe Smith, of Canastota with Arthur North, of Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hubbard and son, Stewart, Clinton; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Eddy, Little Rock, Ark.; Charles Gale, of New Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Stearns, Georgetown; Jno. F. Ebert, L. W. La Rock, Mr. and Mrs. Henry La Loude and daughter, Ethel, Miss Anna Willard, Julia Alton and niece, and Elmer Davis, of Oswego; Arthur and Clinton Ensworth, Guilford; Edwin Small, Canastota Robert E. Conley and father, Jamesville; W. L. Cox and wife, Manassville; Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Stover, of South Bay; Fred Fennel, Stockbridge; Miss Ruby Taplin, Gloversville; Frank Klock, Central Square; Ben Tilbury, wife and child, Union; Miss Miss Genie Neff, Union; Robert Eldridge, Amsterdam; Clark Moore and Patrick Gough, Camden; Miss Naomi Palms, Vienna; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Odell, Sherill; Nicholas M' Cable and Thomas Kinsella, Waterville; Clarence Hodge, Herkimer; Jno. Brownlee, Watertown; Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Wasse, Baldwinsville; Wm. Gardner, North Bay; Nathan Stolofsky, Syracuse; Dewey Marsh, Clarks Mills, Douglas Woolener, Herkimer; Patsey Gleason, Little Falls; Lula Eggleston, Oneida; Jeremiah Drumm, Herkimer.

Several of the picnicers stayed over Sunday, at the hotels and at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hubbard stopped in Oneida with Mrs. Hubbard's brother George Stewart. Mrs. Van Allen stayed over till Sunday night with Mrs. Schubert, of the same city.

Miss Ruby Taplin stayed over Sunday in Rome, with her old schoolmate Mrs. Belle G. Wright.

Mr. Fred H. Stover spent a few hours Sunday, first in Oneida and then in Rome, calling on old friends, on his way to New York. Rev. Harry Van Allen, having a Sunday off on the 2d inst., made Mr. Eddy a call in Rome, bringing George along.

All participants in the picnic pronounced it one of the best ever.

ARKANSANS TRAVELER.

DEAF ARTISTS' CLUB.

The newest member of the International Deaf Artists' Club is Anton Kaulbach, whose brother is the world-famous Professor Fritzbon Kaulbach, one of the greatest living artists. President Janik writes that so many applications for membership in the club are coming to him while he is at Munich, that an extra session of the committee of membership will be called immediately on the president's arrival.

JACQUES ALEXANDER,

Secretary.

July 31, 1908.

Ranald Douglas has concluded that the photo business has gone to the dogs, and is going out of it. He has just opened in Elchies and Lopez, Pa., farm agencies, and is now handling New Jersey and Texas farms. He has now found other propositions also that pay much better than cheap photography.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do our best.

In point of attendance the Outing of the Brooklyn Guild, at Forest (Glendale) Park, last Saturday, was far from satisfactory, but those who went enjoyed it hugely. About fifty were present. The Bergs, brothers and sisters and wives and children predominated, and were all very active in making it pleasant for the picnicers. In a small enclosure there were iced soft drinks and ice cream and cake, and probably a good profit was made in this department.

The games were run off smoothly, with Paul Berg as director, starter and factotum. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Alex L. Pach and E. A. Hodgson acted as judges in the contests.

The result was as follows:

Hopping—Won by Freda Berg.

Hopping—Won by Frank Ecka.

Hopping (with feet tied)—Won by Robert Nichols.

Hopping (backward)—Won by Freda Berg.

Hopping (pairs)—Won by Eugene Berg and Charles Henry.

Egg Race (backward)—Won by Mrs. Jeynes.

Egg Race (backward)—Won by Manton J. Kelly.

There was another amusing game, something like "forfeits," which caused a great deal of merriment among the spectators.

The Brooklyn Guild is quite an old organization, and has done much to relieve temporary cases of distress among the deaf, as well as to entertain quite frequently during the year with lectures, debates, and social gatherings.

Mrs. Frank Ecka is President; Adolph Berg, Vice-President; Mrs. William Moore, Corresponding Secretary; William G. Gilbert, Recording Secretary; and Leo Greis, Treasurer.

On Sunday, August 2d, Leopold Breslauer, Ludwig Fischer and Arthur Enger took a pleasure trip to Arverne, and got off at "Camp on the Beach," where our friend Walter Pease is spending the summer, but sorry to say, he was not in good health, as he was complaining of a slight cold in his throat. It was a lucky day for the Clark deaf boys, as they met with several events, which were worth while. Arthur Enger happened to see two fellows swimming, each apparently trying to beat the other. Enger, who was about five yards behind, joined in, and easily overtook the leaders, winning by about ten feet. Coming home they saw some young fellows trying to establish a new record for the running high jump. At four feet, 11 inches, all failed, and Leopold Breslauer scaled the string without even touching. He was loudly cheered by the bystanders. Further down they came across another party of Clark Deaf-Mutes, who were spending the day by the shore. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Friedfield and their child, Louis Baker, J. Goldstein, S. Goldstein and Abe Fink. They had dressing rooms at the Waldorf Bathing Pavilion, one of the finest on the beach. After a lively chat we excused ourselves, saying that we were going home early to avoid the crowd on the trains. Nearing the camp, we came across Edwin Mosbacher, who was just coming up to see us. He is having a corking time, yet partial blindness does not seem to bother him much, as he can walk along the beach over to the camp without aid. He is a good fisherman, and last week he was lucky to hook out a fluke weighing one and one-fourth pounds. He is proud of his luck, and is going out again. Wish him luck.

If the day proves fine, it would not be surprising to find the greater part of all the deaf of Greater New York at Ulmer Park next Saturday as guests of the League of Elect Surds, at their Annual Outing.

Henry C. Kohlman returned last Monday from two weeks spent in the salubrious climate around Lake Placid. He also visited An Sable Chasm. He says Dillon, of Gallaudet College, is at Lake Placid earning lots of money.

Miss Emma F. Caddy, of Brooklyn, has been enjoying her vacation of three weeks at Hudson, N. Y., and now is ready for the strenuous campaign of business that the Autumn usually brings.

Mrs. Marcus H. Konner and baby are spending the summer months at Long Branch. The forlorn Marcus has to content him with week-end stays at that famous watering place.

In his sermon last Sunday at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain delivered an eloquent eulogy upon the life and work of the late Bishop Potter.

Jacques Williamson, of Binghamton, is spending three weeks at the Williamson Homestead at Gravenstein. He was at the afternoon service at St. Ann's last Sunday.

Miss Anna H. Mackenzie, of Flatbush, L. I., is going away to stay at Scuthold, L. I., for a month, and later will go to Block Island.

On Wednesday, August 5th, Mrs. William Lipgens sailed for Europe on board the palatial Cunard Line Steamer "Lusitania."

Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.

OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

August 1, 1908.—There seems to be an epidemic of birthday surprise parties here this summer. The latest was that given to Mrs. E. T. King, Friday evening last. Some fifteen or twenty people took possession of her home while she was out calling, and when she returned and entered the parlor she was confronted with a vigorous hand-clapping and congratulations, and told why those present had come. She was then conducted into the next room where, on a table, were lying a number of useful articles, gifts to her from friends. Conversation took up the time of the evening, during which ice cream and cakes were passed around. The affair was much enjoyed, and the party left with well-wishes to the one they had come to honor.

Mrs. George Clum and daughter, Beatrice, Mr. Zorn and the writer, went up to Sandusky Sunday. At this place they were met by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis and Mr. Beckert, the whole party taking a car here for Vermillion, but got off at Rumsey Park, five miles this side, where they met Mr. McGregor and Miss Cloa Lamson. The next car took the party to Vermillion, where Miss Frances Rumsey conducted them to Crystal Beach, where luncheon was served and the place inspected. A return to Rumsey Park was made later. This is an ideal place on the lake; however, it is not for sale or lease. It is owned by an uncle of Miss Rumsey, who lives upon the place in a fine home. Miss Lamson returned to Larami in the evening, the others to Sandusky. Mrs. Clum, Messrs. Beckert and McGregor remaining as guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis till Wednesday, while Messrs. Zorn and Greener came back to Columbus on the evening train. Wednesday Mrs. Clum will meet Miss Lamson in Cleveland, and the two will go on to New York to remain month or so with a sister of Miss Lamson.

Information was received here of the death of Mr. Charles S. Deem, for many years head teacher in the Mississippi School for the Deaf, this week. His death, which occurred July 21st, from kidney trouble, was a surprise to those of his friends here. He was on a visit to Lima, his former home, and in Columbus a year or so ago, and no one who then saw him, expected he would pass away so soon, as he appeared in vigorous health. He was of quiet demeanor, honest and straightforward in his dealings with his fellow beings, a man whom every body respected. It will be difficult for Superintendent Dobyns to secure a man to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Deem's death.

Mrs. Eugene Jones, of Memphis, Tenn., was in Jackson, Miss., about a week before the death of Mr. Deem, and visited him. He was then quite sick and seemed aware that his end was near, but was resigned to his fate.

Miss Etta Jones, of Jackson, Miss., sister of Mr. Eugene Jones, of Memphis, came back home with Mrs. Jones, and will visit in the family for several weeks. Later, Mrs. Jones expects to visit her old home, Columbus, and her friends here will be glad to get a look at her two bright, interesting children. Mr. Jones is still busy at his trade, carpentry, in Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Harley Drake came down from his farm near Piqua, Tuesday, to look in upon his Columbus friends, and get a little rest. Swinging a bay fork and using a hoe vigorously in his tatter patch, has thinned him physically, but he says he enjoys the work and there is nothing better for one than farming.

Mr. R. P. McGregor returned home Thursday, from Sandusky. His chickens and bees, no doubt, were glad to have him among them again.

The picnic given by St. Agnes' Mission of Grace Church last Saturday proved a pleasant affair, though not as many attended as was expected. The affair was in charge of Rev. A. W. Mann.

Mr. Isaac Dewees, of the Home, returned Thursday evening, from a three weeks' visit to his aged mother, who is over eighty six years old. She is making her home at Howard Lake, Minn. He visited other relatives in St. Paul while out there. He came back with a well bronzed face and the happier for the visit.

Mr. A. H. Schory and son, Howard, left Saturday for Canton and Minerva, and will pass the time between the two places until September.

Mr. J. B. Showalter entertained the inmates of the Home Sunday with a Bible talk.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bare, of Weston, W. Va., were at the Home last week. Mr. Bare's sister, Virginia E., is being cared for there. This was Mr. Bare's first visit to the Home. He was very loud in his praise, as to location and surroundings, beauty and comforts the people there are provided with. A real home he thought and those under its shelter ought to have no cause

for complaint. Mr. Bare gave five dollars to the Hall Fund.

Mrs. Joseph Neutzling left yesterday with the two younger children for Jeffersonville, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Hines for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leib have gone to Kenton to spend some time with Mrs. Leib's parents.

The Dayton Journal recently had the following:—

In step with the dance music at the White City pavilion Sunday afternoon, Clarence Rice and his sister, aided about the floor, attracting little attention other than that which naturally falls to those who are above the average exponents of the terpsichorean art. But when it became known that both Mr. and Mrs. Rice were deaf and dumb, the people about the pavilion began to talk and speculate.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice are on their way from New York, where he is an instructor in a school for the deaf and dumb, to Columbus, where they will visit until the Greene County home coming is held, when they will come to that county for a short stay. Mr. and Mrs. Rice having been born there.

ACQUAINTANCES GIVE THEM AWAY.

Very few of the spectators in the pavilion knew of the affliction of the couple, and until they were recognized by a Greene County man, the peculiar situation was unknown.

From a pencil and pad conversation with Mr. Rice, the nature of their visit and a few interesting facts were learned.

In early youth he was placed in a school for the education of such people and soon learned to dance. It came natural with him, he says, and he enjoyed it. It is an easy matter, according to the statement, to keep time to the music by watching the other dancers and the orchestra. "That is," he says, "the waltz and two-steps can easily be executed, but the other styles of dancing are more difficult."

THEY LIKE TO DANCE.

"I like to mingle among the people even with my affliction, and the best way to do it is to frequent the parks. This I do in every city I am in. I generally dance one or two dances, but the floor was so good here that we were on it for seven numbers. We will be in Dayton again at the end of the week, and, of course, will dance some then, for this floor seems to have caught Mrs. Rice's eye."

There was a little peculiar situation connected with the Rices visit Sunday. While her husband and a friend were engaged in conversation, Mrs. Rice strolled to the end of the pavilion, to the swimming pool, and here a young man, who had noticed her graceful movements on the floor, approached and, with uncovered head, begged her for a dance. What could she do but just look at him.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of the 12th, thus spoke of Mr. Wm. E. Hoy, and it would be well for all deaf players, following the profession, to imitate his example if they wish, when they have run their course in the game, to have a bank account to depend upon. In this connection it is proper to state that Kihm is following closely Mr. Hoy's footsteps in the matter. All his savings go towards paying for a farm and house at his home. Then, too, like Hoy, he has no bad habits, such as are usually found among ball players.

A good example for young ball players to follow is that of Dummy Hoy, the former Red outfielder, who retired from baseball a few years ago. Not very many fans are aware that Hoy is living a prosperous and useful life, just outside the limits of Cincinnati. When his big league career was over the Dummy went to the coast for a short time, but soon decided not to spend the best part of his life in careering around the minor leagues. He therefore returned to Cincinnati and settled near here. Hoy had always been wise enough to save his money, and he had drawn a good salary for a number of years. He was not broke when he found himself with baseball, but had a snug little fortune in the bank. So he went out into the suburbs and purchased a beautiful little farm of 24 acres, about a mile from College Hill, paying the round sum of \$10,000 for the same. Then he settled down to a quiet life with his family, and there he is living as happy a life as any one could wish for. Hoy keeps his place under cultivation, not for profit, but simply for his own satisfaction and enjoyment. He does nearly all the farm work himself, rising and getting busy at 6 o'clock every morning during the summer. He keeps a horse, several cows, and some 700 or 800 chickens. He raises all the fresh vegetables that his family can use, with some left over. He has fields of hay and corn, which are the envy of surrounding neighbors. In the summer he and his wife take a few boarders into their capacious house, and treat them so well that one who has been there is always eager to repeat the experience. Hoy is happily married to a charming woman, a boy of 5 years and a little girl less than 2 years old. Both of the children talk and hear perfectly, though both Hoy and his wife are deaf. Hoy rarely comes to town, but takes a daily paper and reads the baseball news with keen interest as he did when he was a player himself. When the Giants are here, Dummy Taylor always goes out to see him, and they have a quiet chat about old times. It would be hard to find a man in the whole state of Ohio any happier than William Hoy. And all because he took his own life and his money, while he was a professional ball player, and was wise enough to make suitable provision for his future.

A. B. G.

SOUTHERN DIOCESES.

REV. OLIVER J. WHILDIN, General Missionary.

Church services are held in the following places by the lay-readers mentioned on such Sundays and other days, and at such hours as are locally announced. The general missionary visits these and numerous other stations throughout the South at intervals to be appointed and locally made known.

LAY-READERS.

Grace Chapel, Baltimore, Mr. G. W. Boss.

Trinity Chapel, Washington, Mr. H. L. Stafford.

St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, Mr. J. C. Bremer.

St. Philip's Church, Durham, N. C., Mr. R. Fortune.

Christ Church, Little Rock, Ark., Mr. J. H. Eddy.

St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., Mr. H. L. Tracy.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ATCO, N. J., August 1.—William Kane, a deaf-mute pupil of the Mt. Airy Institute, whose parents reside at No. 2913 Melvale Street, Port Richmond, Pa., was struck by an Atlantic City express at Atco Station to-night, and instantly killed. The Mt. Airy baseball team, on which Kane played second base, had a game this afternoon with the Atco nine, and the accident happened while the Philadelphia players were crossing the tracks to take a local train for home.

The above is from the Philadelphia Record. Mr. Kane is the one who hoisted the flag at the exercises attending the dedication of the new flagstaff at the Mt. Airy Institution last June. His untimely taking off will be sadly regretted at the school, where he was a favorite athlete, and by others who knew him. He was a member of All Souls' Club.

Mr. Andrew J. Sullivan, formerly of this city, but now a teacher in the New Orleans School for the Deaf, surprised his old friends here by coming unannounced last Friday. He had just spent a week at Atlantic City. After an absence of five years from the city, Mr. Sullivan expressed surprise at the great improvements that have been made and are under way. His loyalty to the Quaker City was further evinced by his show of indignation at the way in which other cities slander it. He thinks Philadelphia is really a better city than most of those he has seen since he moved to the South. And he must be right, because we have no horse-cars here.

Mr. Sullivan expects to remain here until September, when he has engaged to go on a hunting trip in the South—not for alligators.

As the New York writer told us in the JOURNAL, our Mr. Breen reached home last Monday with a fund of stories of the "seen and heard" of in the gay metropolis. But what surprised us most is that he dwelt more upon the (in) famous horse-cars than anything else, skyscrapers, about which New Yorkers feel so much pride, not even being mentioned. Our friend cannot be accused of bad memory since he was continually on the fly and not making skyward glances. We trust that our New York friends will excuse this unintentional slight, for Mr. Breen can be depended upon to make proper amends on his next visit.

John B. Tansley, of here, took one of the longest trips he ever had this summer. First he went to Grampian, Clearfield County, where he staid for two weeks, and then he had one week in New York. His old friends of Fanwood were very glad to see him. He had been away from New York for seven years, and noted great changes there.

Mrs. Louisa W. Geiger and Miss Freda Pollock returned to the city last Saturday, after a very pleasant stay of two weeks at Asbury Park, N. J. They are considerably changed in color, but look none the worse for it. They met several deaf at the famous resort.

Miss Elizabeth Loughbridge has gone to her folk's home in Catsaqua.

John Lafferty died last July 6th, and was buried in West Philadelphia, at the new Catholic Cemetery, on the 10th. Mrs. Lafferty went to Shamokin for a while. Her brother will take her to live with him at Plymouth, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rigg is enjoying her visit in Boston, Mass.

The condition of Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett's son Joseph, who is lying in the Pennsylvania Hospital with typhoid fever, is about the same as at our last writing. His recovery is looked for.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens and Miss May E. Stemple left for Atlantic City on Saturday, and returned the following Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington and Mr. William McKinney spent Sunday at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove.

We were incorrectly informed about the number of persons attending the excursion of the Delaware County Local Branch to Woodland Beach. The total attendance was one hundred and thirteen instead of about fifty.

Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., returned to the city from his Washington, Pa., home last Friday. On Saturday morning he left again to join Mr. Sensenig's school camp near one of the great lakes of Maine.

William P. Millemann, who entered the Pennsylvania Institution in 1851, and graduated from it in 1856, has been living in New Mexico since 1865. He was from Northampton County.

Wanted.

Deaf girl wanted for light house-work in the country.

FYFE,

Leonia, N. J.

COLORADO NOTES.

COLORADO SPRINGS, July 28.—

The Colorado State Association of the Deaf will meet in Denver, Col., on August 13th, 14th and 15th. The sessions will be held in the Chamber of Commerce Building, which contains a large assembly hall. Thursday morning there will be an informal reception to the delegates and friends in the assembly hall, the formal opening of the Convention being set for 2:30 P.M., when there will be addresses by prominent men, among whom are Mayor Robert Speer, Lieut. Governor Harper, Rev. Christian F. Reiser, Hon. Thomas M. Patterson and Dr. W. K. Argo, interspersed by recitations by a choir of deaf-mute ladies. In the evening there will be a reception tendered to the delegates by the Denver Association of the Deaf, at their rooms, 325 Charles Block, 15th and Curtis Streets.

The Friday morning and afternoon sessions will be devoted entirely to business and to the reading of papers and discussions, and judging from interest shown beforehand in the proceedings, developments will be of importance to the deaf of the State. In the evening it is probable "all aboard for Lakeside" will be the slogan, as it is the Coney Island of the West.

On Saturday occurs the grand excursion to the picnic grounds at Crystal Lake, in the picturesque Platte Canon. Special train leaves Union Depot at 8:13 A.M. Be sure to bring lunch, as nothing short of bears can be had in the wild mountain recesses, and bear meat is out of season just now.

On Saturday, July 18th, Mr. L. C. Cokelair, formerly of Chicago, and Mrs. M. Martin were married at the Court House by Justice Dunning. Both are deaf-mutes. They are residing on West Pike's Peak Avenue.

Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, is expected to hold services in Grace P. E. Church, Colorado Springs, on Sunday, August 16th. Due notice will be given.

The new officers of the Denver Association of the Deaf are: F. A. Lessley, President; James Yost, Vice-President; Ed. P. McGowan, Secretary; Miss Edna Drumm, Treasurer; Max J. Kestner, Historian; Elmer E. Smith, sergeant-at-arms. The officers and members are thinking hard and planning to surprise the Colorado deaf with the lavishness of their entertainment during the Convention, and the word having been passed around on the quiet (?) the deaf of the State will take possession of Denver on that occasion.

Misses Wyckoff, Taft and Williams, teachers in the Council Bluffs School, stopped at the Springs for several days, and were kept busy dodging "Colorado bluffs" handed out by tourist-drivers and boosters. Miss Wyckoff will teach at the Mt. Airy, Pa., School in the Fall.

Miss Sadie Young is sojourning at Greeley and Henderson, Col., for the Summer.

On July 17th hail and soft snow fell for an hour here, so heavily as to permit the exhilarating sport of snowballing. The first six days of July were so cold that fires and steam heat were necessary for comfort. We sympathize with the sweltering Easterners.

The following is taken from the Health Monthly, published in New York City:—

QUESTION.—The writer is the father of four healthy boys. The youngest, three years old, is almost completely deaf and dumb; only a loud noise can attract him; he is bright and lively otherwise. In his first year a half he attempted to talk and could hear all right, when he was suddenly taken ill with a high fever, vomiting and constipation. He was confined to bed for three months. The family doctor, since then the boy got well, but has not talked. Six months or so ago I took him to a specialist, who, after thoroughly examining him, found him O. K. and thought his hearing would return to him in a short time. He eats, sleeps and plays well, and is healthy otherwise; but his hearing does not improve. All he can say is "Mamma." You can tell us how to overcome this affliction you will have two more grateful friends on your list. Sincerely yours, F. W. F. Lincoln, Neb.

ANSWER.—Such a condition as you describe is frequently one of the sequelae of scarlet fever, but in the majority of such cases the defect is outgrown, and we are of the same opinion. The only remedy is the use of the Politzer bag might be found beneficial, which would have to be used under the instruction of a physician. In the meantime, pay attention to the physical health, keep the bowels clean and the skin active.

We would advise the anxious father to let his boy be as he is, for fever has undoubtedly destroyed the usefulness of the ear drums.

The Pike's Peak Daily News, of July 29th, contained the names of Mr. and Mrs. Ethelbert Peek and Miss Mary E. Peek, of Chicago, who registered at the summit of Pike's Peak. They are staying at the "Antlers" for two weeks and then leave for Salt Lake and Yellowstone Park.

Miss Helen Young, of Leon, Ia., will shortly be in Colorado Springs and then go Denver for the Convention.

In the presence of a few friends, Miss Josie May McGowan and Dr. Steele Bailey, of Mammoth, Utah, were united in marriage at 10:30 o'clock recently in the parlors of the administration building of the Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind, where the bride has been an instructor for the last two years. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston officiated. At the close of the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey left for Ogden, where they will spend their honeymoon.

R. E. M.

WHEELING.

At St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, on Sunday afternoon, June 28th, Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., since its opening on May 31st, conducted his first interesting and encouraging service to a large crowd, including Miss Emma Bartlett, of Mannington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bailey, of Washington, Pa., Messrs. John H. V. Fowler, of Wellsburg, and William Glover, of Brilliant, O. The missionary left Tuesday morning for Parkersburg and Clarksburg, where he had appointments.

Mr. Henry White, watchman of the West Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind and Mr. Charles B. Deem, of Parkersburg, during their brief vacation here, were visitors at the new church on July 5th.

The deaf circle here has been increased by Julius Andre, of Parkersburg. He works in Strochman's bakery, where "Buster Brown's" bread is a great hit. He also plays ball at leisure for Nick Heils, of Benwood, one of the strongest amateur clubs.

Mr. Norris Herold is employed in the Automobile garage on Eighteenth Street, having obtained the job several weeks ago. He is paying weekly to get a new motor cycle.

A pitiful case was called some time ago, to the attention of the police, when a deaf-mute fell to the pavement in front of McKee's cigar store, on Market Street. From papers discovered upon the person of the speechless man, it appeared that his name was John O'Conner, and he was a resident of San Francisco, Cal., and had, during the earthquake, received injuries on the head and other portions of the body that rendered him a physical wreck. He was moved to the city building, where he had several other fits during the night, and later had to be sent to City Hospital for treatment. He was, so far as could be ascertained, on his way to Harrisburg, Pa., where had relatives.

We came across the news in a local paper not long ago, that Miss Emma Ware, of Grafton was married to Mr. Hupsdeth, both old products of the Remney School. They are at present living somewhere near Charleston. Congratulations.

The postponed dedication of St. Elizabeth's Church, owing to the unfinished installation of the altar and rail on June 28th, comes off on August 23d, at three o'clock P.M. It will be in charge of Bishop George W. Peterkin, Rev. David W. Howard, formerly rector of St. Matthew's Church in this city, and who at all times took a great interest in the spiritual welfare of the deaf, and Rev. Mr. Whildin will assist in the dedication services. The cross (the gift of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa.) will be placed on the altar. A big attendance, if the weather does not interfere with it, is assured.

Misses Daisy Littleton and Ada Anderson were at Rock Springs Park, Chester, having pleasantly passed only one day there recently. They said that it was the best resort they ever saw.

The National Stogiemakers' Union, to which Messrs. Charles M. Weiner and Charles Blackburn, formerly of Steubenville, O., belong, has been raising a \$5000 fund to erect a monument on the northwest corner of City Hall, opposite St. St. Matthew's Church, where the deaf used to have services. It will be a statue of CECILUS C. No. 2.

MARYLAND.

It has been formally announced that Mr. E. C. Wyand, of the Maryland School faculty, will on September 28th, be presented to the Conference of the United Brethren Church for an examination for exhorter's license. Those behind the movement are greatly interested in the deaf, and have been active in this step for nearly two years. The applicant on receiving license will visit all the large cities in which this denomination has churches, and inquire into the needs and report same to the church proper. Where there is an opening for this special work, the demands will be met with. On the other hand, if the church finds but little or nothing to do, Mr. Wyand will return to teaching. In order to become a fully ordained minister, a six years course of study is necessary.

To Mr. Wyand's friends this step is not unexpected. It is the outcome of his maternal desire, while he was a pupil in the Maryland School. The matter was rested temporarily during his Junior year at college by opportunities to become an instructor, which were regarded as opportunities to better fit him for the work.

Mr. Wyand's first public discourse will probably be delivered in October in the Otterbein Memorial Church, Baltimore. This church having been erected as it stands to-day by William Otterbein and Bishop George Adam Gueiting, founders of the denomination, Bishop Gueiting being the paternal great-grandfather of Mr. Wyand.

John Conlon, formerly of Buffalo, but for a year or two a resident of New Jersey, was a welcome sojourner at Willie Deegan's Old Tavern, at Scotch Plains, N. J., one day last week.

PROF. CHAS. DEEMS DEAD.

Jackson, Miss., News, July 31.

This morning at eight o'clock, there passed from the bravely fought battle of life, into the peace of the Great Silence, the soul of one of Earth's noblemen, Prof. Charles S. Deem, for many years connected with the Mississippi Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, as teacher of the advanced classes.

In the death of this man the State has lost a citizen of worth, and a teacher and leader in all good work, in the circle of her unfortunates, the deaf-mutes, whose place cannot be filled.

Mr. Deem was born in Lima, O., and educated there, and at Columbus, O., and later in Gallaudet College.

He did not lose his speech and hearing until after he was almost grown. This great affliction came upon him just as he was on the threshold of a promising manhood. Instead of giving up all his ambitions, and becoming, as so many similarly afflicted would have done, a charge upon his loved ones, he turned his face bravely away from the fair hopes of his youth, and undertook to prepare himself for other and widely different fields.

Great though the disappointment was this man of marked ability and broad culture turned to the world of silence into which he had so suddenly been thrown for his life work, was a blessing beyond estimate, to the many children of the State of Mississippi into which he came as a teacher nineteen years ago. Few men of his mental powers and exalted ideals can be found in the school world of to-day, either in this State or any other. Consequently Mississippi has been the gainer in no slight measure for this man's coming, and the deaf-mutes who have studied under him are stronger, better and happier for every day spent in his class room and his sunny presence.

Some sixteen years ago Prof. Deem married a young girl who had been a student at the Institution, Miss Hattie Hoover, of Yazoo County, and with her he has lived most happily. All of their married life has been spent in this city, and here their two young daughters were born. In their growth and rapid progress as students, their father took the most profound interest, and his pride when his daughters surpassed other children in their school work was beautiful to see. The devotion of these children to their parents and the rare skill and tenderness with which the elder has nursed her father, becoming the interpreter between the physician and the sufferer, who was unable to speak for himself, was something to touch a heart of stone.

For several weeks Prof. Deem has suffered intensely from some form of kidney trouble, which stubbornly refused to yield to treatment of the city's medical skill, and for several days this brave man and devoted husband and father has been dying in spite of every effort of science and love's earnest prayers. The fact of Prof. J. R. Dobyns' absence from the State makes the death of Prof. Deem at the time, peculiarly sad, they were devoted friends and loyal co-workers in the great cause of educating the deaf-mutes of this State.

Despite Dr. Dobyns' absence, however, everything possible was done for the sufferer's relief, and he never at any time lacked for the care and nursing that he needed, and which he so richly merited.

Though deprived, because of his affliction—though one who knew this bright and charming man well never thought of him as "afflicted"—of the usual pleasures of citizenship, Prof. Deem was too strong a force to be overlooked in a city like this, and his death is greatly deplored, while his absence from his accustomed haunts will be very keenly felt by those who were privileged to be his friends.

As for the Institution, to the success of which he has given so large and fine a part of his life, his loss will be most keenly felt in every department and by every one connected with it in any way. Next to the head of the Institution himself—Mr. Dobyns—an institution has no one so vitally necessary to its success and continued growth as was Prof. Deem.

That there may come to the stricken wife, who has dwelt for so long and happily with him in their restricted but seemingly ideal world of silence, and the orphaned daughters, some measure of the consolation which is promised to the wife and children of such as he, is the hope of their many friends.

The remains of Mr. C. S. Deem, were laid to rest Wednesday in Cedarlawn Cemetery in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends, Rev. C. W. Crisler conducting the impressive ceremonies. The pall-bearer were Messrs. Bernard Lester, Richard Dobyns, Alfred Kearney, J. A. Bodker, A. J. Smok and L. Key, all old friends of the deceased teacher. The floral offerings were many and beautiful, attesting the high esteem in which Prof. Deem was held by all who knew him.

He that fears you present will hate you absent.

TWENTY-SECOND CONVENTION.

Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

AUGUST 27th, 28th, 29th, 1908.

THE MEETING WILL BE HELD IN THE PARISH HOUSE OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH, N. DUKE AND E. ORANGE STREETS, LANCASTER, PA., BEGINNING AT 10 O'CLOCK, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27TH.

Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock.

- Invocation, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, pastor of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia.
- Addresses of Welcome by Hon. McCasky, Mayor of Lancaster; Rev. F. C. Smielan, of Williamsport, representing St. James' Church; Mr. John C. Etter, Chairman of the Lancaster County Local Branch.
- Responses: President of the Society, James S. Reider, Philadelphia; Prof. B. R. Allabough, Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf, Edgewood Park; Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Chairman of the Philadelphia Local Branch.
- Addresses by members and others.
- Appointment of Committees.
- Announcements by the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.
- Recess.

Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

- Invocation, Rev. F. C. Smielan, Missionary to the Deaf in Central Pennsylvania.
- Annual Address by President James S. Reider.
- Report of the Board of Managers.
- Report of the Treasurer of the Society.
- Report of Committees.
- Business.
- Recess.

Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

- Invocation, Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Missionary to the Deaf in the South.
- Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society, James S. Reider.
- Report of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.
- "The P. S. A. D. in Central Pennsylvania," a paper by Rev. F. C. Smielan, Missionary to the Deaf in Central Pennsylvania.
- Discussion opened by Mr. James S. Reider, of Philadelphia.
- Addresses by members and others.
- Announcements by the Lancaster County Local Branch.
- Adjournment.

Friday, morning, at 9:30 o'clock.

- Prayer.
- Reports of Local Branches.
- Reports of Committees.
- Unfinished Business.
- New Business.
- "The Federation of the Deaf," a paper by Mr. R. M. Ziegler, of Philadelphia.
- Discussion opened by Prof. B. R. Allabough.
- Addresses by members and others.
- Adjournment until Saturday morning.

Friday afternoon.

A trolley ride may be arranged for by the Lancaster Local Branch. Special cars may be chartered. Further particulars will be made known at the Convention.

Friday evening, August 28th, at 8 o'clock:

An entertainment will be given at the Parish House, under the auspices of the Committee on Arrangements of the Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D.

The following named ladies will give a play of "GERTRUDE WHEELER, M. D."

CHARACTERS.

GERTRUDE WHEELER, M. D., Miss Adelaide Postel, Mt. Airy, Pa.
HELEN SUTTON, Miss Frances Stuckert, Doylestown.
ALICE CROSS, Miss Alice E. Donohue, Philadelphia.
MISS CORNELIA VAN RODENBAUGH, Mrs. Viola C. King, Mt. Airy, Pa.
MISTIE, A Chambermaid, Miss Matilda O'Neil, Mt. Airy, Pa.
MRS. SPENCER SEYMOUR, Miss Mamie McBride, Philadelphia.
DELLA, Gertrude's housekeeper, Miss May E. Stemple, Merchantville, N. J.
Admission 25 cents.

Tickets can be had of the Committee, consisting of R. M. Ziegler, John C. Etter, Daniel H. Rohrer, Timothy Purvis, and Mrs. Katie T. Hooper.

The proceeds of the entertainment to go to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

Saturday morning, from 9 to 10:15 A.M.

- Rev. F. C. Smielan invites the delegates to the Convention to St. James' Church, when he will hold a service. He will give the offering to the Home.
- Prayer.
- Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society.
- Reports of Committees.
- Election of four new Managers in accordance with the requirements of the Charter.
- Recess and Re-organization of the Board of Managers.
- Unfinished Business.
- New Business.
- Addresses by members and others.
- Adjournment sine die.

Saturday afternoon.

A delightful trip to Rocky Park, the famous Willow Grove park of Lancaster, under the auspices of the Local Branch. Further particulars will be made known at the meeting.

Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock.

A reception at the Parish House by the Lancaster Local Branch to visiting delegates to the Convention. Further particulars will be made known at the Convention.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS.

Special arrangements have been made with the following named hotels to accommodate those proposing to attend the Convention.

RATES.

Hotel Wheatland, North Queen Street, very near the Pennsylvania Railroad depot; \$2.50 per day; \$2.50; \$3.00, with bath; \$3.50, with bath. Rate per day with meals for portions of days proportionately, that is, counting meals at 50 cents through. Lodging at \$2.00 rate, 50 cents; at \$2.50 rate, \$1.00; at \$3.00 rate, \$1.50. Write to Eph. W. Shue, Proprietor.

Stevens House, cor. W. King and S. Prince Streets, \$2.50, \$3.00, and \$3.50 per day, according to room selected. Strictly American plan. One meal is charged 75 cents. Lodging and breakfast, \$1.50, \$1.75, and \$2.00, according to room. Lodging, breakfast, and supper, charged \$2.00, \$2.25, and \$2.75 according to room. Write to A. J. McConomy, Manager.

American Hotel, North Queen Street, between Orange Street and Central Square, \$2.00 per day, American plan.

Good meals can be had at either Nissley's Restaurant, East Chestnut, opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, or Callenman's Restaurant, Central Square.

There are many other hotels, but the only three have been heard from so far.

RAILROAD RATES.

It is a well known fact that the regular one way fares in Pennsylvania have been fixed by legislative enactment at two cents per mile. The Reading, Lehigh, C. R. N. J., and other lines sell tickets at the rate of two cents per mile. No special card orders are issued.

In order to give those delegates who live at points on its lines the advantage of the lower rate which applies to other lines in the State, the Pennsylvania Railroad will arrange for the sale of tickets to Lancaster and return at the rate of two cents per mile, in each direction from points in the State of Pennsylvania, tickets to be sold at such rates, August 25th to 28th, with return limit until August 31st. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will not issue special card orders to cover this arrangement but the ticket agents will be properly instructed and will be prepared to sell reduced rate tickets to the delegates on application.

A Reception Committee appointed by the Lancaster Local Branch will meet visitors at trains.

Write to John C. Etter, 143 Dorward Street, Lancaster, Pa., or Daniel H. Rohrer, R. R. No. 6, Lancaster, Pa., or Timothy Purvis, R. F. D. No. 6, Lancaster, Pa., who are the officers of the Local Branch.

R. M. Ziegler, Chairman.

205 W. Mt. Pleasant Ave.,

Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thomas Breen.

G. T. Sanders.

R. M. Barker.

Chas. Parlington.

Committee on Arrangements.

AFTERNOON

EVENING

Seventh Annual

PICNIC, GAMES

and Prize Bowling

OF

BROOKLYN CLUB

of Deaf-Mutes

At Washington Park and Casino

Grand Street, Maspeth

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908

Music by our favorite.

Tickets 25 cents, admitting one

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HOW TO REACH THE PARK.

From New York: Grand Street cars from Grand Street, Roosevelt, 23d Street Ferries, or Flushing Avenue cars from the Brooklyn Bridge, or Lutheran Cemetery cars from 94th Street Ferry.

From Brooklyn: Grand Street, Flushing Avenue, or Ridgewood L. Delancey Street, direct to Park.

NOTICE.

According to vote, by proxy, of the Board of Directors of the New England Gallaudet Association, the Twenty sixth Biennial Convention, will be held at Providence, R. I., August 21st and 22d, 1908.

Full particulars in circular form will be given out next week.

GEO. C. SAWYER,
President.

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Music by Prof. Hilgeman

Gate opens at two o'clock P.M.

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15-yards dash
Ball Throwing

GAMES FOR LADIES

50-yards dash
Spoon-Egg race
Running Backwards

GAMES FOR CHILDREN

25-yards dash
Potato race

GAMES FOR MEN

100-yards dash
440-yards dash
Running broad jump
Running high jump
Putting the shot

Handsome, useful prizes for first and second winners securing most points. No entrance fees required. The games will take place on the field with the convenience of a grand stand. Ideal family picnic grounds, splendid order, bathing, boating, swimming. Good fishing at the foot of the park. Out-of-town visitors are especially welcome.

A mere 25 CENTS pays for it all

And they are coming from everywhere.

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IF YOU NEED TIRES Hedgehorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT** but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle** or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we're making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write us NOW.

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of Deaf-Mutes

At William Deegan's Hall

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On Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 7,

Doors open at 10 o'clock A.M.

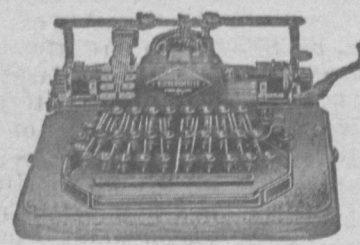
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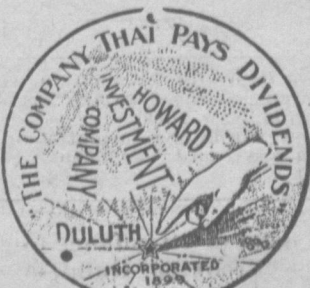
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Cash in advance. Stamps preferred. Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.



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Duluth, Minn.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.